Be my Prey

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/36584185.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Vampire Hannibal Lecter, Alternate Universe - Vampire, Human/Vampire Relationship, Fluff, Fluff and Smut, Smut, Eventual Smut, Love Bites, Vampire Bites, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Dom Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Sub Will Graham, Porn With Plot, Will's dog - Freeform, Will Graham Loves Dogs, Hannibal has a cat
Language:	English
Collections:	My Hannigram library
Stats:	Published: 2022-01-22 Completed: 2022-02-04 Words: 13,003 Chapters: 3/3

Be my Prey

by eve_watson

Summary

Will is forced by his best friend, Alana, to go with her to help Hannibal Lecter to organize a masquerade ball.
At first the man isn't really happy about that but soon he starts to find Hannibal really interesting.
But what Hannibal really wants from Will? And why he is so interested in the brunette even if it's the first time they met? And why Will is having very horny dreams about Hannibal?

Notes

Yeah, I'm really bad at summaries but I'm trying I swear!
Also this was supposed to be a one shot but it turned out a mini serie of 3 chapter.
This is a Vampire!Hannibal x Human!Will so it will have Vampire Bites and a bit of blood.
A bit of smut in this chapter so be aware!

Chapter 1

“Can you tell me again why I accepted to come to this...
Even with you, Alana?” Will asked his best friend friend, not looking at her in the eyes, favoring the trees that were passing behind them while they were comfortably sitting in the car.
“Because I’m your best friend, Will,” Alana told him, glancing at him and offering a smile before moving her gaze on the road in front of her.
The man only mumbled something that the woman couldn’t really understand, so she decided to ignore him.
The man was starting to regret his decision to help his friend but he shut his mouth.
The two of them stayed silent for a few minutes, the only noise that was in the car was the car's radio.
“And why do you need to go to his house 5 days early?” Will asked her, a bit of curiosity in his voice that was immediately replaced by a tired tone.
“And why do I need to come with you?” he asked her, rubbing his face with one of his hands.
“Because I wanted to help him with organizing the whole event. And you have to come with me because it will be difficult for you to come to his home” the woman explained to him, glancing at him one more time and smiling when he saw that the man hadn’t an upset expression on his face.
The man only hummed before closing his eyes and resting his head on the car’s window, trying to rest a bit before arriving at the place where the ball was going to be held.

Will had fallen asleep during the car trip.
His head was comfortably resting in the car window, the radio has been turned off by Alana after a few minutes, allowing Will to sleep without interruptions.
He was snoring a bit when Alana decided to wake him up.
“Will we’ve arrived,” The woman told him, shaking him a bit to make him open his eyes.
The man looked at the person in front of him for a few seconds, his eyes blinking a few times, while he tried to remember where he was.
“Do you need a few minutes to recover?” she asked him, receiving only a groan as an answer.
“No I’m fine,” Will told his friend before getting out of the car, soon followed by Alana.
The man didn’t take a glance at the place until he was out of the car and what he saw left him a bit confused and surprised.

The house was big, constructed only on two floors, and was decorated with black ornaments that made the house look like a little ancient castle.
The garden was well decorated and elegant
On the floor, there were white bricks that created various paths that led to different areas of the garden and of the house.

The man was lost in his thoughts when he felt someone calling him. Shaking his head a bit he turned to see Alana looking at him with a smirk on her face.
“Lost in your thoughts?” Alana asked him.
Will only nodded before glancing again at the mansion in front of him.
“No, I just
Didn’t expect something like that” Will told her before walking towards his friend to help her with their suitcases.
“He likes elegance and the victorian era. He’s not overly fond of rudeness” the woman explained to him, making Will hum as a response.
“Come on, he’s waiting for us,” Alana told him before starting to walk towards the mansion, Will behind her following her.
Once in front of the door, they didn’t have to knock at the door because, immediately after they arrived in from of the door, a servant opened it greeting the two friends and cordially asking them to enter the house.
“Mr.Lecter will be here soon, can I ask you to wait here for him? Thank you for understanding” the girl told Alana and Will before bowing a little in front of them and walking away.
The man looked at Alana with a confused expression on his face, curious about what was happening at that moment.
The woman was going to speak when they heard a door being open, making them focus their attention on the man who was walking towards them.
Will found himself staring at the man, curious about him.
The man was wearing a black turtleneck and a fancy green long jacket followed by some black elegant pants and shoes.
His gray hair was nicely combed and tied in a low ponytail with a black ribbon.
“New dress Hannibal?” Alana asked his friend, looking at him with a playful smirk on her face.
Hannibal only nodded, quickly glancing at the man who was standing beside Alana, before focusing again his attention on the woman in front of him.
“I was craving a new jacket for a while so yesterday I sent Frederick to the city to buy me a new one” the man explained to the girl, making Will grow uncomfortable.
He was happy when someone didn’t pay attention to him but in that situation, he felt misplaced, not really happy with being ignored.

With the corner of her eye, Alana saw Will growing uncomfortable, moving the weight from one foot to another, his eyes looking everywhere but at her and Hannibal.
It was only when Hannibal started to talk again that Will focused his attention on the man, trying to look at him in the eyes and failing.
“I’m sorry, how rude of me to not introduce myself to my guest.
My name is Hannibal Lecter, I’m the owner of this house” Hannibal told Will before shaking his hand.
“Will Graham, I’m Alana’s friend” was everything that Will told him, not happy with sharing too much information about himself.
The man nodded a bit, not forcing Will to share other details about him.
“Thank you for accepting to help me and Alana to organize the event, I wouldn’t have asked you for something like that if two of my servants didn’t fall ill,” Hannibal told him before moving his attention to Alana, who was watching the interaction between the two men.

Will was going to speak again when Alana preceded him, telling Hannibal that it wasn't a problem to be here to help him.
Hannibal only nodded before glancing at the cases that Alana and Will were carrying by their hand. Snapping his fingers Hannibal called two of his servants, telling them to show his guest where their chambers were situated and to carry their cases for them.
"Beverly will show you Alana where your chamber is, if you need anything you can ask her. She'll be your servant for your permanence here." The man told her, making the girl smile and nod before following Beverly to her chamber.
Hannibal looked at her for a few seconds before looking at Will, who now was staring at him, and at the man who now was taking his case.
"I can carry that by myself," Will told him, trying to take back his case before being interrupted by Hannibal who gently took his wrist with his hand.
"I only want the best for my guest and Frederick is here to serve you.
He'll show you your chamber but I will be the one to show you the house" Hannibal told Will before starting to walk towards the stairs that were placed behind him before stopping himself after a few steps.
"I'll wait for you in my office after you've settled down in your chamber, Frederick will show you where it is" he continued before leaving alone Will and Frederick, who asked him to follow him.

Will sighed s bit before deciding to follow Frederick who guided him to the room where he'll stay during his permanence here.
"This will be your room for all the time of your permanence here.
Please feel free to settle down, I'll wait for you outside to show you where Mr.Lecter's office is" the servant told him before placing Will's case beside the bed and exiting the room, leaving Will alone with his thoughts.
The brunette took his time to look at the room, finding it too fancy and elegant for his liking. Sitting on the bed the man found it soft and comfortable, the black bedsheets warm and soft under his fingers.
In front of the bed, Will found the closet but he decided to put his clothes away after visiting Hannibal in his office.
Sighing the man stood up from the bed, stretching his arms and taking off his jacket, placing it at the end of the bed, before exiting the room.
Out of the room, Will found Frederick patiently waiting for him.
The man looked at the servant for a few seconds before telling him that he was ready to go, only receiving a nod as an answer.
"Please follow me, Mr.Graham, Dr.Lecter is waiting for you," Frederick told him before starting to walk towards the stairs that lead to the floor where Hannibal's office was placed.
The brunette followed the servant without complaining, turning his head to the left and the right now and then, curious about the surroundings.
It didn't take them long to arrive in front of the door of Hannibal's office that, Will noticed, was closed.
Knocking on the door Frederick informed Hannibal that his guest was outside, making the man him before ordering him to let Will go inside the office.
Without saying anything Frederick opened the door for Will, taking a few steps back and placing himself beside the door to let Will go in.

"Please close the door," Hannibal asked Will when he saw him walking inside of his office, an almost nonexistent smirk on his face when the man followed his request by closing the door behind him.
"Please have a seat," Hannibal told him, showing to Will a seat in front of his desk.
The man only nodded before sitting in front of Hannibal, noticing only at that moment that a

Siamese cat was sitting on his lap, curled in a ball of fur while purring.
Will raised an eyebrow, a confused expression on his face, before looking at Hannibal and silently asking him about the cat.
Hannibal looked at him before smirking a bit, gently caressing the cat's head.
"She's my cat, Eve. I hope you don't have an allergy." The man asked the brunette, waiting for him to answer his question while looking at him in the eyes.
The brunette quickly shook his head, looking everywhere but at Hannibal, before starting to talk.
"No, I'm not. I just prefer dogs to cats, I'm more of a dog person" Will explained, finding that Hannibal was simply nodding, a slightly curious expression on his face.
"Alana told me that you have quite a lot of dogs, can I ask you why?" the man asked Will, moving a hand under
his chin and leading a bit towards the brunette in front of him, interested in what Will had to say about his dogs and his interest in them.
"They're just, better than people. They don't judge you and they don't try to psychoanalyze you." The brunette told him, not sure about what to tell him to give him a decent answer to his question while raising his shoulders a bit.
"And it's kinda nice to have a pack, like, a family" Will added under his breath, his voice too low for a normal human to hear that.
Hannibal only hummed, pretending that he didn't hear his last sentence, before gently patting Eve's head, making the cat leave his legs and hop on the floor.
"Why don't we start with the tour of the house? It will be dinner time soon and I don't want to skip it" The man offered him, getting up from the chair and walking towards the door, opening it.
"Shall we?" he asked, looking at Will while offering a gentle some to him.
The brunette only nodded before getting up from the chair and exiting the office, quickly followed by the man.

It didn't take Hannibal long to show Will the house and the garden, stopping himself every few rooms to explain to Will the specific functions of the rooms.
Will was allowed to go everywhere except for Hannibal's office, where he had to knock on the door and wait for an answer from the man before entering the room, and the basement where the wine cellar was located.
Hannibal explained to him that he didn't want anybody to access the wine cellar, not even his servants and that he was the only one allowed to go in there and to choose the wine for the dinner.
Will was a bit confused about that rule, but he didn't say anything to the man, deciding that it was better to keep his mouth shut.
He found it weird that Hannibal didn't mention that his bedroom too was off-limits, but the brunette brushed his thought away telling himself that it was something obvious that he couldn't enter Hannibal's bedroom.
It was after a few minutes that, without Will noticing, they got back in front of Will's room.
"I have one last question for you Will, I hope I haven't worn you out with showing you the house," the man told him, offering him a smirk that could have been easily mistaken for a smile.
The brunette only nodded. He was a bit tired of being social but he didn't want to sound rude, so he decided to let Hannibal ask him the last question.
"Dinner will be ready in two hours, and I would appreciate it if all of my guests will be present and on time. Will you offer me the pleasure to dine with you, Will?" Hannibal asked him, his voice more velvety than normal and strangely attractive.
The brunette could only nod, focused on Hannibal's voice.
"Thank you, Will, I'll see you again for dinner," the man told him, smiling at him before walking back towards his office, leaving Will alone.
Will looked at him walk away for a few seconds before shaking his head a bit, trying to get back to

earth.
It took him a few seconds before realizing that he was left alone in front of the door of his bedroom.
The brunette sighed a bit before entering the room and letting himself fall on the bed, laying on his back while staring at the roof, and falling asleep after a few seconds.

When Will woke up, an hour later, he found himself wearing only his boxers and curled under the soft sheets of the bed.
He was confused because of the situation, he didn't remember taking his clothes off and getting under the sheets but he shook that thought away, convincing himself that he had done those things while he was half asleep.
Turning his head the man saw that he still had an hour to spend before going to dinner with Hannibal and Alana, so he decided to take a hot shower to relax a bit.
Will spent only 20 minutes under the shower, discovering that he wasn't able to relax when he wasn't at home.
Sighing a bit the man gets out of the shower, using a towel to cover himself from the waist down before going back into the room.
The room wasn't really cold but Will decided that it was better to get dressed as soon as possible, not happy with the thought of catching a cold, discarding the towel, and letting it cool down on the floor before opening his case.
While searching for some boxer the man found the suit that he bought for the day of the ball because, as Alana told him when she asked him to go with her, everyone had to wear formal dresses.
Frowning a bit the brunette took the suit out of the case, placing it on the bed behind himself, before staring at it for a few seconds.
Will bought the suit three weeks ago and, since that day, didn't have the occasion to try it on to just see if it looked good on him.
Glancing at the clock that was hanging on the wall the brunette saw that he still had a bit of time before dinner and decides to try the suit on.
It was only when he was completely dressed, with only the tie missing to the complete look, that Will walked in front of the mirror, staring at his figure and examining how the suit looked on him for a while.

After a few minutes, the man decided that it was time to take off the suit and to start to prepare himself for dinner when he heard someone knocking at the door.
Sighing the man walked towards the door and opened it, thinking that it was Frederick that wanted to tell him something but when he opened the door he found Hannibal standing in front of him, a little smirk on his face.
The man looked at him from head to toes before focusing his gaze on Will's face.
"You're missing the tie," Hannibal told him, not commenting further on what he was wearing.
"I don't know how to tie it" Will mumbled, not sure of where to watch right now, not wanting to watch at Hannibal in the eyes but not convinced of moving his gaze away.
"Can I help you with that?" Hannibal asked him.
The brunette only nodded before putting himself to the side of the door, leaving the man in front of him the possibility to enter the room.
He wasn't sure why he allowed Hannibal to help him with the tie, he was going to take the suit off before dinner, and letting Hannibal help him implied some sort of physical contact.
Hannibal immediately spotted the black-tie that was laying on Will's bed, picking it up and waiting for Will to put himself in front of him before starting to tie the tie.
It was only when Hannibal finished the work that he took a few steps back, admiring Will in the black suit and focusing on how it hugged all of Will's forms.

“It suits you, Will, I never thought that you would wear a suit for our dinner,” Hannibal told him, smiling at the brunette who now was looking at him with a confused expression on his face.
“I...
I wasn’t planning to. I bought this for the ball” Will told the man, his cheeks reddening a bit because of the embarrassing situation.
Hannibal’s smirk didn’t twitch, remaining on the face even after hearing that Will bought a suit for the ball he planned.
“I’m sorry to inform you that the suit will do nothing for my ball” Hannibal informed him, circling his figure a bit to see completely how the suit looked on Will.
“All of my guests have to wear victorian clothes, I’m not overly fond of the modern style that people are used to wearing.” The man continued, now standing again in front of Will who was looking at him confused, and a bit concerned.
The brunette opened his mouth to speak but was soon interrupted by Hannibal.
“I’ll take you to the village tomorrow, this will allow me to buy you something appropriate for the ball. I’ll see you at dinner in five minutes” the man told him before exiting the room, leaving Will alone with his thoughts and with the figure of Frederick that was standing in front of the door, looking at him.

The dinner went surprisingly well, it didn’t last long but Will enjoyed it.
At first, Will was feeling uncomfortable with wearing the suit and with the conversation that Alana and Hannibal were holding. He never was overly fond of psychology but he enjoyed only listening to them, closing his eyes from time to time, and focusing his thoughts on Hannibal’s voice.
The man was brought back to reality when he felt someone shaking his shoulder a bit. Opening his eyes he turned his head to look at the person who was shaking him, realizing that it was Alana who was trying to catch his attention.
A concerned expression was on her face and this made Will feel bad a bit for spacing out, making his best friend worry for him.
“Are you ok Will? It seems that you spaced out for some minutes” the woman asked him, making Will shake his head a bit before passing a hand on his face.
“I’m fine, I’m just tired” he half lied.
He was fine but he wasn’t tired, at least not that much like he wanted Alana and Hannibal to think.
“Why don’t you go to bed Will? I don’t want you to neglect your health and your sleep.
Frederick will take you back to your room” and with that Hannibal snapped his fingers making the door that lead to the kitchen open, revealing the figure of Frederick.
Will only nodded before getting up from the chair, looking at Hannibal for a brief moment, and seeing that he was smiling at him.
It was only when Will was a few steps away from the door that Hannibal spoke again.
“Goodnight Will, I’ll see you again tomorrow for breakfast,” Hannibal told him before being followed by Alana who wished a good night to Will too.

Will was struggling in his sleep. He couldn’t stop turning left and right, trying to calm himself down.
It was only when he felt a strange caress on his cheek that the man opened his eyes, finding himself to stare at Hannibal’s figure.
But the man he was staring at wasn’t the real Hannibal, he had his appearance but his eyes were red, not the usual honey color that he always saw in the man’s eyes when Will looked at him.
“H-Hannibal?” the brunette stuttered, placing his hands on Hannibal’s chest and trying to weakly push him away.
The man only smirked, enjoying Will’s struggling, before taking the brunette’s wrists with one hand and pinning them on top of his head.
Will opened his mouth to protest, not really sure about what was going on and wanting to get some

answers from Hannibal when Hannibal stopped him by kissing him.
The kiss was sweet at first but, only after a few seconds, it turn into a heated kiss and Hannibal started to explore Will's mouth with his tongue, making the brunette moan a bit.
After a few moments, the man interrupted the kiss, making the brunette whimper a bit, before speaking for the first time since Will woke up.
"Will you be a good boy and keep your hands up there?" the man asked him and the only thing the brunette could do was weakly nod, too focused on the velvety voice that was coming out of Hannibal's mouth.
"I want you to use your words, Will" the man whispered to his lips, smirking when he felt the brunette squirm a bit under him.
"Y-Yes, I'll be good" Will whimpered, wanting Hannibal to kiss him again.
"Good boy" the man praised him, freeing his wrist immediately after, making Will blush.

The two of them stared at each other for a few seconds, Will found himself lost in Hannibal's eyes and only came back to reality when he felt a slight pressure on his, now growing erection.
Glancing down he saw one of Hannibal's hands gently stroking his dick, making the brunette raise his hips to gain more pressure.
"Eyes on me Will, it's rude to not look at who is speaking to you," Hannibal told him, making Will rise his gaze to look at the man.
Pleased with the brunette following his orders the man decided to reward him. He slowly lowered himself until he was comfortably sitting between Will's legs, gripping at the edge of his pants and boxers before slowly pushing them down, freeing Will's erection.
The man looked at Will for a few seconds before starting to slowly stroke his dick, the head now leaking precum.
The brunette gasped at the sensation of Hannibal's hand gently stroking his shaft, making him whimper and buckle his hips.
"What an eager little pet," Hannibal told him, fastening the movements of his hand.
"H-Hannibal please" the man moaned, already on the verge of cumming.
He didn't have too much time to dedicate to himself while working with the FBI and it's been a long time since he had someone to share his pleasure with.
The man lightly chuckled before releasing Will's dick, making the man whimper and pout because of the loss of friction.
He was so close.
"I know Will, but you can't come yet," Hannibal told him, leaning towards Will and gently placing a kiss on his lips.
"You'll cum when I'll be inside you, not a second before" the man growled before gripping the base of Will's neck with a hand, making the brunette gasp in surprise.
The hold that Hannibal had on Will's wasn't too tight, the brunette could easily breathe but the sensation of his hand around his throat made Will moan with excitement.
"But it won't be tonight Will, I have great plans for you" Hannibal whispered on his lips before releasing his throat from his grip, just to start to kiss the side of it.
The brunette tried to protest but quickly shut his mouth when he felt Hannibal starting to nibble at his throat.
It was only after a few seconds that Hannibal bared his fangs and bite Will's neck, making him gasp and moan at the same time.
The bite was hurting a bit but it wasn't comparable to the pleasure that he was feeling and that was spreading all over his body.
The brunette couldn't help himself, the pleasure was too much and he felt himself cum all over his chest.
The change of the taste of Will's blood made the man realize that Will had just cummed. The blood

now tasting sweater.
Hannibal only hummed before moving away from Will's neck, caressing his cheek with a hand and looking at him in the eyes, not really caring about the blood that was covering his mouth and a bit of his chin.
"I didn't give you permission to cum, Will," the man told him, cupping the cheek of the brunette and caressing his lower lip with his thumb.
"But I'll forgive you because this was your first time. Next time I'll have to punish you" Hannibal told him before leaving a chaste kiss on Will's lips and disappearing in the night, leaving Will alone.

Will has been waking up because of someone who was repeatedly knocking at his door.
"Mr.Graham are you awake? Can I come him?" Frederick asked from behind the door, patiently waiting for Will to answer him.
It took the brunette a while to realize who was talking, and what Frederick was asking him, but he managed to answer the man, telling him to wait a few minutes.
The brunette quickly get up from the bed, intentioned to walk towards his case and to put on something comfortable, when the events of the night flashed in his mind.
Will was startled at first. Everything that happened that night felt too real to be a dream but around the room, there was nothing that could confirm that what happened to Will yesterday was real.
He looked around the room for a few seconds before remembering that Hannibal bite his neck, leaving a mark on it.
Quickly walking towards the mirror in front of the bed the man hurried himself to check his neck, finding that no marks were left where Hannibal supposedly bite him the night before.
The brunette found that situation strange, he never had that kind of dream and the thing that made him more suspicious about it was that it was about Hannibal.
Will couldn't deny that Hannibal was a very attractive man but he never thought about him in that way, he never thought about a man in that way, ever.
Passing a hand on his face the brunette sighed, trying to convince himself that everything has been only a very realistic dream, before deciding to dress up and get ready for his breakfast with Alana and Hannibal.

Chapter 2

Will had just entered the living room, his eyes still full of sleep and his hair messy, when he noticed that Hannibal and Alana were already sitting at the table while chatting.
He was trying to take his place at the table quietly when Hannibal noticed him, smiling at him and greeting him.
“Good morning Will, did you have a good night of sleep?” the man asked him, getting up from the chair and walking towards the curly brunette.
He looked at him for a few seconds before nodding slightly and moving away from his gaze, embarrassed to look at Hannibal after the dream he had last night.
Hannibal only smirked before placing a hand on Will’s lower back and gently pushing him towards the chair.
“We were waiting for you to eat breakfast, I hope you’re hungry,” Hannibal told him before making his seat on the chair and taking his place at the table.
“Are you feeling good Will? Your cheeks are a bit red” Alana asked him when she saw the man sitting in front of her, a worried expression on her face.
“Yeah I’m fine, it’s just hot here” Will dismissed her with a poor excuse, not willing to go further in the argument.
The woman only nodded, not convinced with what Will said to her.
She decided to let it go, focusing her attention on Frederick who just entered the room to serve the breakfast.

Alana left immediately after finishing her breakfast, excusing herself by saying that she had to do something important but not really going into details, leaving Hannibal and Will alone.
The brunette was clearly embarrassed by being alone in the same room with Hannibal, memories of the dream that he had last night flowing into his mind.
The older man noticed Will’s embarrassment and decided to tease him a bit.
“I heard you whimper last night Will, did you have a nightmare?” the man asked a worried expression on his face and an almost invisible smirk on his lips.
Will tensed a bit, not really knowing what to answer and not looking at Hannibal in the eyes. The brunette decided to only nod, scratching a bit the back of his neck with a hand, before mumbling something.

“I just... Had a nightmare” the brunette lied, glancing at Hannibal to see his reaction.
Hannibal only nodded, looking at him with a fake concerned expression before getting up and walking beside Will, pouring him some hot tea.
“I’m sorry to hear that dear Will, do you often have bad dreams?” the man asked him, making Will only shake his head as an answer before staring at the teacup that was in front of him.
“Thank you” he mumbled before taking a sip of the tea, moaning a bit when he tasted the sweet tea for the first time.
It took him only a few seconds to realize that he actually moaned, making Hannibal grin who acted as nothing happened.
“I’ll let you finish your breakfast Will, unfortunately, I have some work to do.
Finish your breakfast and dress yourself to go out, I’ll wait for you in my office, and then we’ll go to the city” the older man told the brunette before getting out of the room, leaving Will alone with his breakfast.

It didn’t take long for the man to finish his breakfast even if his appetite abandoned him a few minutes ago, but Will didn’t want to seem rude so he forced himself a bit to finish the food.
When the brunette finished the food he looked around, searching for one of Hannibal’s servants to give them his plate but, not finding anyone, he decided to leave everything on the table and to retire himself in his room.
The man decided to wear a red plaid shirt, the sleeves rolled around his arms and some black pants.
He looked himself in the mirror, thinking about if that outfit was appropriate to go into the city with Hannibal and worrying himself by thinking if Hannibal would like his outfit.
Will thought about that for a few seconds before shaking his head, forcing that thought out of his head.
“I don’t want to look good for Hannibal” he murmured to himself, trying to convince himself of that, before getting out of the room and walking towards Hannibal’s office.
The door was closed and Will pondered his options, before working up the courage and knocking on the door.
“Come in Will,” Hannibal told him, making Will slightly open the door before entering Hannibal’s office and closing the door behind himself.
“I’m sorry to ask you that but I have to finish some work for the event, can I ask you to wait a few minutes?” the man asked the brunette, looking at him with a concerned expression on his face.
Hannibal wasn’t working for the event that he will be hosting but he liked to make Will wait in the same room with him, having the possibility to study him and his behavior while they were alone in the same room.
He liked to see Will squirm a bit on the spot on the couch that he took after telling Hannibal that it wasn’t a problem to wait.

Will was looking at the floor, his gaze focused on a casual spot when he felt someone staring at him.
He lifted his gaze, looking at Hannibal and seeing that he was focused on the papers that were laying on the desk.
“Strange,” the brunette thought, keeping staring at the man, not wanting to move his gaze away. He was enjoying looking at Hannibal, he gave Will calm and relaxed vibes and the brunette felt more relaxed.
It was only after a few seconds that Will’s gaze started to wander along Hannibal’s body, staring a bit too long at his neck and his hands.
Will wasn’t being so subtle as he thought because when Hannibal lifted his gaze from the documents in front of him e saw the brunette shamelessly staring at his hands and his chest.
It was only when Hannibal get up from the chair that Will moved his gaze away, not wanting Hannibal to discover that the brunette was staring at him. He noticed that Eve was napping on a

chair in front of him so he decided to focus his attention on the cat.
“I thought you were a dog person,” Hannibal told him, noticing that the brunette was staring at his cat rather intently.
Will was a bit startled by the question, he wasn’t expecting that.
Raising his shoulders a bit the man stood up from the couch, fixing a bit his shirt so he didn’t have to look at Hannibal in the eyes. The man really liked Hannibal’s honey-colored eyes but he was still struggling with eye contact and he felt that he would have blushed if he even tried to look at the man’s face.
Even if he wasn’t ready to admit that to himself Will had a crush on Hannibal.
“I like cats, I just prefer dogs” Will answered the man, his attention still focused on fixing his shirt even if it didn’t need to be fixed.
Hannibal only hummed before taking a few steps towards Will, taking his hands and moving them away from the shirt.
Will wanted to ask him what he was doing but he decided against it when he saw that Hannibal was fixing the shirt, taking it out of the pants, and unbuttoning the first two buttons of the shirt, showing more of his neck.
The brunette was a bit confused but said nothing, happy with the new look that the older man gave him and not willing to look at Hannibal in the face because of the redness of his cheeks.
“Should we go to the city now, Will?” Hannibal asked him, taking a few steps back and admiring the work that he had made on the brunette.
His eyes were staring at Will’s neck, specifically at the point where he have bitten him the last night.
He could still taste on his lips Will’s blood. So sweet and addictive.
The brunette only nodded, not trusting his voice right now, before following Hannibal out of the office.

“Have you ever wondered out of Wolftrap, Will?” Hannibal asked the brunette while walking towards the clothes shop.
His hand was resting on Will’s lower back, gently guiding him in the right direction.
“Only because of work, I prefer the calm and the quietness of Wolftrap” Will explained to him, trying to ignore Hannibal’s hand.
He wasn’t hating the fact that he was being guided by the man, but he was kinda confused by the fact that Hannibal’s hand, sometimes, wondered a bit lower.
The brunette glanced a few times at Hannibal, wondering if he was imagining the fact that the older man was lowering his hand, but he saw that Hannibal always had the same calm expression.
Slightly shaking his head the brunette decided that he was imagining it and decided to let it go.
The two of them remained silent for a while.
It wasn’t an uncomfortable silence and Will was looking around, curiously observing the village and focusing his attention on the few dogs that he saw running on the streets.
It was only when Hannibal stopped walking that Will turned his head to look at him, a slightly confused expression on his face.
“I’m sorry to interrupt your studying of the local dogs, Will, but we have arrived,” Hannibal told him, showing with his free hand the front of the shop, before gently pushing him inside.

The shop was small but comfortable, in Will’s opinion.
It was warm, despite the cold weather that there was outside, and decorated with soft colors.
Many mannequins were placed on the left side of the shop, almost all of them covered by finished and half-finished victorian dresses.
One dress in particular cached Will’s attention.
It was a long, red and black dress. Red laces were tightly tied on the chest of the mannequin, giving to Will the impression of a corset, and a red collar was tied to its neck.

The brunette was lost in his thoughts, looking at the dress in front of him, when Hannibal placed a hand on his left shoulder, catching Will's attention and making the brunette turn his head to look at him.
"I see that Lady Alana's dress catches your attention. I commissioned that specifically for her" Hannibal explained to him, taking a few steps towards the mannequin and starting to study it.
The fabric was soft under the fingers of the man, and he was rather happy with the details that have been added.
"You see Will, I think that Lady Alana would look lovely in red so I decided to commission this dress to one of my most trusted friends" Hannibal explained to Will before being interrupted by the back door being open and, not so quietly, closed.
The brunette moved his head to the side only to see a girl who was intently staring at them, a smile on her face and a blue dress in her hands.
"I hope for you that you're not here for your dress, Hannibal because it's not finished yet," the girl told Hannibal, not watching him and keeping her attention on Will.
Hannibal shook his head before walking back to Will, stopping himself in his tracks when he was standing at the side of the man.
"No Vares, I'm here for the dress I commissioned to you and to buy something for dear Will here" Hannibal explained to the girl, who now was looking at the older man with a smirk on her face.
"What were you thinking about?" Vares asked him, ignoring Will's confused expression and putting the blue dress on a mannequin, before walking towards Will and starting to study his figure.
The man looked at Will for a few seconds, smiling at him and silently asking if he had any preferences.
Will cleared his voice a bit, trying to focus on something else that wasn't the girl in front of him, before speaking.
"I don't want something too bright, I like dark colors," Will told to the girl who only nodded, acknowledging Will's preferences.
"Do you need only a specific part of a whole dress?" Vares asked Will, who only looked at her with a confused expression.
He knew nothing about Hannibal's dress code for the ball, so he wasn't sure how to answer the girl.
Shaking her head, and sighing a bit, the girl looked at both of the men before walking towards the door that lead to the back of the shop.
"Leave it to me!" Vares told them before disappearing into the back of the shop, the door closing loudly behind her.

When the girl left the room the silence fell upon the two men, leaving Will a bit uncomfortable.
He could have managed to remain alone in a room with Hannibal if they were maybe in his office or the kitchen, but they were in a shop of dressed that he only saw in movies.
He didn't know what he could expect from the girl and from what Hannibal would want him to wear and he didn't like that situation.
Seeing that the brunette was growing nervous Hannibal gently, but firmed, gripped Will's shoulder, making the brunette look at him.
"Are you nervous Will?" Hannibal asked him, seeing that he was a bit uncomfortable in that space.
Will only shook a bit his head, not looking at Hannibal in the eyes and focusing his attention on everything that was in the room.
"I just don't like that kind of dress, I don't look good in them" Will quickly explained, raising a bit his shoulders and making Hannibal look at him more intently.
"You're a beautiful man Will, I don't know what would make you think that you won't look good in a more classic look." the man complimented him, making the brunette blush.
He wanted to thank him for the compliment but he wasn't trusting his voice, so Will only decided to slightly nod.

Hannibal wanted to add something but he heard the door opening, immediately followed by a low humming.
Both Hannibal and Will turned their head, only to see that Vares was back and was holding in her arms a lot of shirts and jackets.
“I know you told me that you didn’t want something bright but you have to wear a white shirt, that’s the rule!” Vares told Will before throwing him a white shirt to wear.
“Let me see if this fits you,” the girl told him, staring at him while waiting for him to wear the shirt.
Will looked at her a bit confused, he wasn’t expecting her to order him around and wasn’t expecting that he has to change in front of her and Hannibal.
“Can you turn?” Will asked her, raising an eyebrow and waiting for the girl to show him her back.
Vares only looked at him for many seconds, not understanding why she should turn, before looking at Hannibal for an explanation.
Hannibal only smirked before explaining to the girl that Will liked a bit of privacy.
Vares loudly sighed before walking back towards the door that will lead her to the back of the shop.
“Fine fine! I’ll leave you alone with Hannibal then. Tell me something when you find something that you like” the girl told them before disappearing again in the back of the shop, leaving one more time Hannibal and Will alone.
The brunette turned his head, now looking at Hannibal who was smirking at him.
“Don’t worry Will, I’ll leave you some privacy” the older man told him before turning himself and walking towards Alana’s dress, looking at it closely and showing Will his back.

Will quietly thanked him before starting to unbutton his shirt, taking it off and putting it on a chair before putting on the white shirt that Vares threw at him.
It was a simple white shirt, except for the fact that it was a high-neck shirt and the sleeves were wider at the end.
He quickly buttoned it up before clearing his voice a bit, making Hannibal turn to look at him.
The man was quite pleased with what he saw in front of him. Will looked lovely in that shirt and it gave him a sophisticated look.
“You look lovely Will, it really suits you,” Hannibal told him, taking a few steps towards the man to look at him better.
Will was taken back by the compliment, not sure if he was only being polite or if he thought that he looked lovely.
Not willingly to investigate that further, the man looked away, focusing his attention on everything but Hannibal that now was looking at him.
“Now we just need to choose a jacket that will make you justice,” the man told him before taking a black short jacket and handling that to Will.
“Try this,” he told the brunette, taking a few steps back to look better at the whole look.
The brunette only nodded before putting in the jacket, not sure about the fact that it fitted him well.
When Will put the jacket on he lifted his gaze to see what Hannibal thought about the jacket, finding a grimace on his lips.
He wanted to ask him something but decided against it, waiting for the older man to talk.
A few seconds passed before Hannibal spoke again, taking again a few steps towards Will and taking off the jacket that he was wearing.
“Would you please try this one instead?” Hannibal asked him, handing him another jacket, longer this time.

Will tried many jackets, all different from the others, and none of them looked good in Hannibal’s eyes.
He told Will, after he tried the fifth jacket, that he only wanted the best for him.
With that, the brunette only sighed before putting on another jacket.
He was at his tenth jacket when Hannibal find something that was looking good on Will and that

was making him justice.
It was a long black jacket with silver buttons and gray details on it.
Fine black lines were placed at the edge of the coat, aligning themselves with the silver buttons that were used to close the coat.
Hannibal looked at him from head to toe before smiling at him and humming happily.
“You look like a prince of the night, Will, that’s exactly the look I was searching for you,” Hannibal told the brunette before walking towards him and placing himself behind the man, putting his hands on his shoulders and gently pushing him in front of a mirror.
Will wasn’t really convinced with what Hannibal told him but when he saw himself in the mirror he immediately changed his mind.
He looked good, like, really good.
He turned himself a bit to look at the back of the coat and he was rather pleased to see that it covered all of his back and his ass.
“What do you think Will?” Hannibal whispered in Will’s ear, making him shiver a bit and close his mouth tightly to not let a moan escape.
He took a few deep breaths before starting to talk.
“I like it, Hannibal, I just don’t know if I can afford it” Will explained to the older man, a sad expression now on his face because he didn’t know if he could buy such an expensive but beautiful dress.
The older man only laughed, making Will look at him with a confused expression on his face. Was Hannibal mocking him?
The brunette wanted to ask him what he was laughing at when Hannibal started to talk again.
“I’ll pay for it Will, you don’t have to worry about that” Hannibal explained to him.
“I only want the best for my guests” the man continued before walking towards the back door, knocking on it before opening it and disappearing in the back of the shop, leaving Will alone.

It was the night of the ball, and Will was very nervous.
He never participated in this kind of event, he even never joined his FBI colleagues in a night out at a pub, so he didn’t know how to act and how to behave.
The only thing he knew for sure was that he would stay near Alana all the time, maybe he will spend some time with Hannibal too but he wasn’t sure about that.
He was putting the black coat on
he heard someone knocking at the door of the bedroom.
Ignoring the person behind the door he took another glance at the mirror in from of him before walking towards the door and opening it.
Will found Frederick who was staring at him, his outfit never changed even if that night was a special occasion.
The brunette looked at him with an eyebrow raised, silently asking him why he was searching for him.
“The even will start in any minutes, the guests will be here soon and Miss Bloom asked me to call for you,” Frederick told him, his voice monotonous as ever.
Will only nodded before getting out of the room and closing the door behind him, telling Frederick to take him where Alana was waiting for him.
The man only nodded before leading Will to the main all that now was all decorated and full of Hannibal’s servants that were taking the dishes to the many tables disposed at the corners of the room.
He was looking around, curious about how Hannibal decided to decorate the room when his attention was cached by Alana.
She was wearing the dress that Hannibal

had bought specifically for her and, if Will had, to be honest, it looked good on her.
Will knew that he had a crush on her and he was expecting from himself a reaction more lovingly towards her.
But all he could think about was what Hannibal would wear for that event. The brunette found himself thinking more and more about Hannibal in these last days, and he never understood why.
He wasn't gay, or bisexual. Or at least that was what he always thought of himself.
But Will always felt a kind of pull towards Hannibal, finding himself more and more interested in the man the more he get to know him.

Will shook a bit of his head, focusing his attention on the woman in front of him and offering her a little smile.
"Alana, you look lovely," the man told her, making Alana smile and blush a bit.
"Well thank you, you don't look bad yourself" Alana complimented him, only receiving a little nod as an answer from the man before seeing him lowering his gaze.
They remained silent for a few seconds, Will a bit embarrassed in that context.
But it was him the one who decided to speak first, clearing a bit his voice to catch Alana's attention.
"When-When will Hannibal be here?" Will asked her, making a grin appear on her face.
"He said that he had to finish some work and then he'll join us" Alana answered the man, before turning her head towards the door that was being opened by two of Hannibal's servants.
"Well the guests are here," the woman told him, before putting her arm around Will's one and forcing him to walk towards the door.

Will was already tired of socializing with other people, but he forced himself to stay there with Alana, not willing to leave before seeing Hannibal at least one time.
He was sipping at the wine in his glass, not paying attention to the conversation that Alana was leading with two couples when he saw in the corner of his eyes that the door was being opened again.
"That's weird," he thought.
"Alana told me that every guest that Hannibal invited has already arrived" he continued.
He was going to ask Alana if a guest was being late when he was left speechless by the sight in front of him.
The one who thought was a guest who was late was, instead, Hannibal all dressed up for the ball.
"He's beautiful," Will thought before starting to walk towards him, not realizing what he was doing.

Chapter 3

Will realized that he had walked towards Hannibal only when he was only a few steps away from him.
He wasn't sure what he was going to say to the man but, fortunately for the brunette, it was Hannibal the first who spoke.
"Hello Will, I hope you're enjoying the event. I'm sorry for not joining you soon but I had some manners to discuss with a friend of mine" Hannibal told him, offering the brunette a soft smile.
Will only nodded, trying to not show to Hannibal the blush that was coloring red his cheeks.
"You and Alana have done good work," Will said, trying to get himself out of the awkward silence that was stressing him out.
After finishing his sentence the brunette turned himself, looking at where Alana was when he left her but not finding her anymore.
He was going to ask Hannibal if he saw her, even if he wasn't sure that the older man would be able to help him when he felt a warm hand on his shoulder.
Turning his head to the side he saw Hannibal, dangerously near to his face and neck, looking at him.
"Don't worry for Lady Alana, she's enjoying the event with a friend of mine" Hannibal explained to Will, making him turn and showing him Alana who was talking with a blonde girl.
"That lovely girl is Lady Margot, they've been courting each other for a while," the man said, tightening a bit the grip on Will's shoulder.
Will only nodded, deciding to not investigate further who Margot was, not interested in the situation.
His only interest now was Hannibal, even if he couldn't explain to himself why he was so focused on the older man.
The brunette was going to speak, not willing to let the conversation die when he was interrupted by Hannibal who had moved his hand from Will's shoulder to his lower back.
"Will you do me the honor to dance with me, Will?"

Will and Hannibal danced together for almost an hour, even if for Will the time stopped in the right moment that Hannibal's hand was placed on the brunette's waist.
Will looked at the older man for a few seconds, unsure of what to do, before gathering up his

courage and mimicking Hannibal's action.
Placing a hand on Hannibal's waist, and taking the man's free hand in his, the two of them started to dance following the slow music that was being played at that moment. Will felt himself relaxing a bit after a few minutes, finding himself bold enough to erase a bit of the distance that it was separating them, making Hannibal smirk and move his hand from Will's waist to his lower back. Dangerously near to the brunette's ass.
Even if Will wasn't complaining about that.

Minutes continued to pass by, but Hannibal and Will continued to dance, getting closer and closer at the end of every song.
The brunette was quickly moving his gaze between Hannibal's eyes and his lips, pondering the idea of kissing the man in front of him, before being interrupted by a man he had never seen before.
He was taller than Will, but still shorter than Hannibal, and was wearing a simple black victorian suit.
The man tapped Hannibal's shoulder, making him stop and turn his head.
"Ah Jack, I hope you have a good reason for interrupting me," Hannibal told him in a slightly angry tone, smiling at the man strangely.
The smile was soft but Will knew that Hannibal's smile was intended to be everything but soft.
Jack only nodded, before quickly glancing at Will for a few seconds and looking at him from head to toe.
The brunette wasn't comfortable with the look that the man was giving him, and that made him squirm a bit.
Sending his discomfort Hannibal took a few steps towards Jack, protecting Will from Jack's gaze.
"I'm sorry to interrupt you, Hannibal, while you're dancing with your partner but I have some important manners that I have to discuss with you," Jack said, moving his gaze from Will to Hannibal.
The older man only nodded before telling Jack to follow him and starting to walk towards the main door. But not before excusing himself to Will and promising him that he will make up to him.
Will only nodded, a bit sad because he had to interrupt the moment he was having with Hannibal, but tried not to show it while saying goodbye to the older man.
The brunette sighed a bit before looking around, searching for Alana, and finding her near the buffet while talking with the blonde girl.
He decided to walk towards them, looking at Alana and silently asking her if it was ok to interrupt them.

It was passed an hour since Hannibal left Will to go with that strange man, and the brunette was starting to lose his patience.
He was enjoying Alana and Margot's company but, if he has to be honest, he would have preferred to spend the night with Hannibal. And he was sure that the two women wanted to spend some time alone.
Sighing Will decided to retire himself into his chamber, excusing himself with Alana and telling her that he wasn't feeling good.
Alana offered him a little smile, telling him to get some rest and waving him goodbye, before returning her attention to the woman at her side.
Will wanted to go to bed as soon as possible but first, he needed to go and tell Hannibal that whatever his sick game was he wasn't gonna be part of it.
It was only when Will arrived in front of Hannibal's office that the brunette realized that, maybe, he had done the worst (or best) mistake in his entire life.

Will was standing in front of Hannibal's office door. He was going to enter the room when he heard

Jack shouting.
Will wasn't understanding what Hannibal and Jack were talking about but, by Hannibal's tone, he understood that the older man wasn't pleased with what Jack was saying.
Moved by his curiosity the brunette decided to listen to the conversation, holding his breath back and trying to stay as still as possible.
The conversation went on for a few minutes, the only thing that Will could understand was Hannibal saying that he doesn't share.
The brunette was going to knock, tired of standing there while doing nothing, when he heard Jack raise his voice again before going completely shut.
The silence lasted only a few seconds, a low thud interrupting that.
"What the..." Will whispered to himself before gathering up some courage and quickly opening the office door.
He was going to speak, wanting to ask Hannibal what the fuck was going on but his voice died in his throat because of the scene in front of him.
Jack was laying on the ground, a deep cut on his throat and blood all over the floor.
Hannibal's mouth and hands were bloody, on his clothes, there was some blood spatter. His eyes were glowing and a relaxed expression was on his face.

Will wanted to scream, to run away, but he couldn't do it, he was petrified by the fear that he was feeling at that moment.
"What a pleasant surprise to see you here, Will" Hannibal purred, smiling at the brunette and showing him his sharp fangs.
It was at that moment that Will started to work again, taking a few steps back to put more distance between him and the bloody monster in front of him.
"You killed him" Will whispered, his voice unsure and trembling.
The older man looked at him for a few seconds, before moving his gaze to the lifeless body laying on the floor.
"Yes Will, he wanted to have you and I don't share my Prey with nobody" Hannibal answered him, his tone calm and soothing.
The brunette didn't know what to do, his brain stopped working and his legs didn't want to move.
So he just stayed here, quickly moving his gaze between Hannibal and the body a few times, not paying attention to what was happening around him.
Will only came back to reality when he felt a hand caressing his cheek, spreading fresh blood all over it.
The brunette jumped back, scared because of the sudden physical contact, putting some distance between him and Hannibal who now was simply staring at him.
The two of them stared in each other's eyes for a few seconds before Will decided to run away, leaving Hannibal alone in his office.
The older man chuckled, licking away the blood that was dirtying his lips.
"I've always enjoyed a good chase"

Will quickly run to the main hall to advert Alana that her friend Hannibal had just killed a person and that they needed to call the police. And to get away from that house.
He has almost arrived in front of the door when he noticed that all of the music has stopped and the only noises he could hear were some moans.
He was confused by the situation but he didn't pay too much attention to that, his main task was to find Alana and to get out of there.
It was only when he opened the door that he discovered why everything was so quiet.
Blood was all over the floor, covered only by the many bodies that were quickly falling lifeless on the ground.

He couldn't tear his eyes from that scene, horrified by the amount of death that was in that room.
He tried not to scream, keeping in mind that he had to find Alana if she wasn't already dead.
The brunette tried to look around, searching for his friend, when he spotted the woman in a corner of the room pressing the back of her partner against the wall.
Will wanted to say something, to call for her friend and to tell her that they had to leave immediately, but when he opened his mouth to call her name he was interrupted by the scene that it was been created in front of him.
As if she knew she was being watched Alana turned her head to look directly at Will in the eyes.
Her mouth was dirty with blood, a sadistic smile was resting on her face allowing her to show to the man her long fangs.
"Are you going to join us, Hannibal?" Alana asked, scaring Will who never noticed, until now, that Hannibal was standing behind him.
Gently placing both of his hands on Will's shoulders, Hannibal leaned forward a bit.
"What do you think Will? Don't you want to feel a forever pleasure?" Hannibal whispered into Will's ear, making him whimper a bit, before starting to gently nibble at the brunette's neck.
Will's mind was clouded

for a bit, the only thoughts in his mind were many images of him and Hannibal pleasuring themselves together.
He could feel Hannibal's hands and lips all over him, pleasing him and making him moan.
The brunette was going to give up when he felt something sharp on his neck, waking him from the living dream that he was living.
Quickly shaking his head he freed himself from Hannibal's grip, making the older man smirk, before quickly running outside of the mansion and in the deep in the woods.
He was going to be safe, he thought.
But he was completely wrong.

Many minutes passed and now Will was in the deep of the woods, far away from Hannibal's house and from the horrible scene that he saw.
He started to slow down his run until he found himself walking at a slow pace. He was exhausted and he wanted nothing more than to lay himself on the ground and gain some breath.
Instead of laying down the man decides to sit, crossing his legs and taking deep breaths.
Everything around him was quiet, the only noise he could hear was the howls of the wolves.
Will rested for a while, trying to think about what to do to go back to Wolf Trap, before deciding to get up and starting to walk again. He wanted to get out of the woods.
The brunette had been walking for a while when he felt himself falling on the ground, a strong hand pressing against his upper back and forcing him to stay on the grass.
He was wriggling a bit, trying to free himself from whoever was pinning him down, when he felt a hand gripping his neck and forcing the man to raise his head.
"Now now, chasing you was fun but my patience has a limit," Hannibal told him, tightening a bit his grip on Will's neck.
Hannibal was going to speak again when he heard the brunette chuckle lightly, making the older man raise an eyebrow.
"Do you find it funny, my dear Prey? Do you find funny the fact that I'm gonna feast on every piece of you?" Hannibal asked, now more in a purr than in a more firm tone.
The brunette only nodded before tilting a bit his head, not looking at Hannibal in the eyes but enough to glimpse at his face.
"Yeah, it was funny to see you playing my game" Will purred before continuing to speak.
"I never wanted to run away from you Hannibal, but I thought that you would have enjoyed a good chasing before making me yours forever"

Hannibal remained quiet for a few seconds before releasing his grip on the man's neck and flipping him on his back, taking his place between Will's thighs and pinning his wrists above his head.
"You naughty little thing, running away from me even if the only thing you always wanted was my lips on yours" the vampire purred, not leaving Will the time to answer him by kissing him.

Will moaned in the kiss, squirming a bit and raising a bit his hips.
Hannibal was aware of Will's growing impatience but he wanted to savor every piece of him, taking his sweet time to bring Will to the edge but never pushing him over it.
It was only when he felt that the brunette was getting out of breath that Hannibal moved his kiss to Will's neck, kissing and sucking the skin and leaving many marks.
"Hannibal... Please" Will moaned, tilting his head and showing to the man more of his neck, silently asking him to bite him.
"Patience my love, you made me wait quite a while. Now it's my turn" Hannibal whispered on his neck, making the brunette shiver.
The vampire hummed a bit before starting again to kiss Will's neck, slowly moving his lips towards Will's chest.
With quick fingers, Hannibal starter does unbutton the brunette's shirt, allowing him to stroke Will's chest with his fingertips.
"You look beautiful, Will, " Hannibal told him, teasing the brunette's nipple with the tongue and making Will moan and plead.
The vampire decided to ignore his pleading, slowly moving his free hand down to caress Will's growing bulge.
The brunette whimpered when he felt Hannibal's cold hand on his erection, raising his hips to put more pressure on his bulge.
"Eager little Prey, do you want me to fuck you?" Hannibal asked Will, raising his face to look at the man in the eyes.
The brunette only nodded, unable to form words right now. His mind was foggy and the only things he could do was moan and whimper.
The vampire only shook his head, not happy with the fact that Will wasn't speaking.
"Use your words, my beautiful boy, let me hear you" Hannibal ordered him, pressing his palm on Will's dick.

The brunette glared at him for a few seconds before closing his eyes and losing himself in the pleasure that Hannibal was giving him.
Only realizing after a bit what the vampire asked him the brunette took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down and to not moan.
"H-Hannibal please" he moaned, directly looking at him in the eyes.
"Fuck me" the brunette whispered in a breath, his mouth open and his eyes full of lust.
Hannibal smirked, happy with how Will was easily submitting himself to him, before slowly starting to undo the brunette's pants.
Wanting to help the older man Will raised his hips, making Hannibal take out his pants and boxers more easily.
"Keep your hands where they are" the vampire ordered him, releasing his wrists and putting Will's thighs above his shoulders.
The brunette only nodded, not daring to move his hands, while glancing at Hannibal's hands that were caressing and kneading his butt.
Will whined a bit, a little pout appearing on his face. He was sure that Hannibal was going to fuck him right then and there but he found himself disappointed.
The older man noticed that he was pouting and decided to give Will a chaste kiss.
"No pouting little Prey, I need to prepare you first," Hannibal told him, slowly pushing inside Will

his index finger.

The brunette moaned loudly, making the vampire chuckle a bit and the brunette blush. He never thought that he could moan this loud.
“No need to feel embarrassed Will, I want to hear you” Hannibal whispered to his lips, kissing him and starting to move his finger inside Will.
The brunette only nodded a bit, reciprocating the kiss and grazing his tongue on Hannibal’s fangs.
The kiss lasted a while and this gave Hannibal the opportunity to add another finger, opening Will a bit more and gently pressing his fingers on the brunette’s prostate, making his erection twitch against his stomach.
“Don’t you dare to come, little Prey. You can come when I’ll let you” the vampire growled, bringing his free hand to Will’s neck and gripping it again.
“This will leave a mark,” Will thought but nodded, making Hannibal understand that he won’t come unless he had the permission to.
The older man only smirked, scissoring his fingers to open Will better.
“Hannibal please, I need you inside me now. I can’t take it anymore” the brunette pleaded, almost begging him to fuck him already and making Hannibal chuckle.
“I think that you deserve it, you’ve been very good to me. Making me chase you down only for my fun and pleasure.” Hannibal purred, slowly slipping out his fingers and flipping the brunette’s body.

Will was going to say something, wanting to ask Hannibal why the change of position but he immediately shut his mouth when he heard the vampire growl.
But this time it wasn’t his usual growl, it was a more animalistic growl that made Will shiver.
Pressing a hand on Will’s upper back the vampire pushed Will down on the ground, quickly showing down his pants and boxers.
“Present for me, Will,” the man ordered him, making the brunette put his chest on the ground and keeping his hips and ass high.
“Good boy” Hannibal praised him, making the brunette moan a bit, before pressing his chest against his back and slowly pushing his erection inside Will.
“oh god,” Will cried out, losing himself in the pleasure that the vampire was giving him.
Hannibal only chuckled and smirked, pushing himself more inside of Will until every inch of his erection was inside of him.
The vampire remained still for a few minutes, giving Will the possibility to accostumize himself to Hannibal’s girth and length.
It was only when Will started to move his hips, silently asking Hannibal to move that the older man started to fuck him.

Both of his hands now were on the brunette’s hips, preventing him from moving his hips and confining him to Hannibal’s pace.
“Harder, please. I need you to fuck me harder” Will begged, turning his head to look at Hannibal in his yellow eyes. Eyes that now were slowly turning red because of the list and the hunger that Hannibal was feeling towards Will.
“Since you’re begging so nicely” the vampire growled, quickening his pace and putting more force into his thrusts.
Deciding to tease more the brunette underneath him the vampire started to slowly stroke Will’s hard erection, making him choke on a moan.
Feeling the brunette shiver under him the vampire tightened a bit his grip on Will’s erection, growling into his ear.
“Don’t cum yet Will, or I’ll have to punish you” Hannibal reminded him, smirking when Will nodded, crying out in pleasure when he felt the vampire hitting his prostate with a particularly hard

thrust.

It was only when Hannibal felt that he was going to cum that he allowed Will his release, increasing the pace of his stockings and adjusting the angle of his thrust to always hit his prostate.
“Come for me, Will,” the vampire ordered while nibbling at his neck, making the man silently scream while cumming all over his stomach and on Hannibal’s hand.
It was only after a few seconds that Will felt Hannibal coming, before feeling a sharp pain in his neck.
Hannibal had bitten him, and the only thing that Will could do at that moment was moan.
Pleasure flushed all over his body, making the brunette close his eyes and close his hands in a tight fist.
“H-Hannibal-“ the brunette tried to speak, feeling his body growing weaker.
The older man only hummed lowly, circling Will’s chest with an arm and

pressing his body against his chest, never taking away his lips from the man’s neck.
“You taste delicious” Hannibal whispered to Will, licking the mark that he left with his fangs, before gently pulling out from the man.
Will whimpered a bit but was immediately soothed by Hannibal, who now was hugging and cuddling him.
The brunette closed his eyes for a few seconds, relaxing into Hannibal’s embrace and when he reopened them, he found himself sitting in front of the fire in Hannibal’s bedroom. His back pressed against his chest.
Will tilted his head, looking at Hannibal with a confused expression on his face that only made the vampire laugh a bit.
“I didn’t want for you to get cold, so I brought us here in my chamber” the man explained to him, caressing his hair and passing a hand through them.
Will put his head against Hannibal’s shoulder, curling himself a bit and enjoying the cuddling with the vampire, staying silent for a while until he couldn’t ignore his curiosity anymore.
“Hannibal...?” Will called for his lover, gaining his attention and making the vampire look at him.
“Yes my Prey?” he asked Will, moving the hand between his hair to caress his cheek.
“What happened to Margot? She was the one with Alana, right?” the brunette asked, lowering a bit his gaze and deciding to focus his attention on the fire in front of him.
Hannibal thought about how to answer for a few seconds, pondering his possibilities, before starting to speak.
“She was Alana’s prey, I captured her for Alana as a payment for her to bring you to me,” Hannibal told him, moving his hand from Will’s cheek to his neck and chest, pressing the man against his chest.
“She didn’t kill her, if this is what has been worrying you, she’s probably keeping her as her lover” the man continued, noticing Will nodding a bit.
“So she sold me to you for her own interest” Will whispered, a bit sad to have been used by the woman he considered his best friend.
“No my dear Will. Our agreement was for her to bring you here, nothing less nothing more.
I wanted you since the first time I saw you but everything between us happened because you wanted that too, not because someone sold you to me” the vampire explained to him, cuddling the brunette who was slowly falling asleep.

The two of them stayed silent for a while, enjoying the sound of the fire and the warmth that it was giving them. Silence that was being interrupted, this time, by Hannibal that could read Will as an open book.
“What’s worrying you my love?” the vampire asked him, cupping the brunette’s face and making

him look at Hannibal in the eyes.
“Do you want me only as a blood bank and as a good fuck?” he asked him, his voice trembling and his eyes a bit teary.
The older man looked at Will in the eyes for a few seconds before placing a sweet kiss on his lips.
“I want you as my lover Will. I see you as the person I want to spend my life with, not as a blood bank or as someone I can fuck whenever I want.” The man explained to him, reassuring Will who had only one last question for the vampire.
“Will you turn me? I want to live with you till the end of the universe” the brunette confessed to him, pouting and offering Hannibal his best puppy's eyes.
The older man only chuckled, caressing Will’s lower lip and moving his gaze to the fire.
“Soon my Prey, but not tonight. You need to rest and to gain back your strength” the vampire told him, smiling when the brunette nodded and placed again his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, falling asleep only after a few minutes.

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